

Meteorite

by Richard Hague

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Having burned off its tonnage
to vapor and dust
across half the earth-night's sky,
now it sits cool and condensed,
iron ounce, in my palm.
I have become destination.

The lecture goes on before me,
light dim, room hot and
close. But I am fallen into
this stone's molten-silk rills and valleys,
fire-smoothed humps and folds,
its oblong tiny world-ness.

Who knows who or what
we will meet, or make, or become,
our star-forged genes
twining wildly in the galactic spin of
conception, love shooting down
like light from a distant nova into the heart,
or this—the fallen sky, long cooled,
resting wordless in a hand.